

213 MacDonough St.
Brooklyn, N.Y., USA
May 18, 1894

Dear E. A. Montgomery:

I was somewhat surprised on receiving a letter from an unknown relative - one of whose existence I was not even aware; for all that I knew of your father's family was what I learned in England many years ago namely: that he has a son Samuel whom I saw at my sister Garrett's house in London when the Boy was at the Blue Coat School, to which my friend the late Thomas Bland had given him the presentation; and that there were two daughters in England with their mother's relatives, but whom I did not see, though hearing much about them from my sister. Of the existence of other children of the Rev. E.A.M. Stewart I was totally ignorant until the receipt of your letter. As to the family pedigree, I can only give hearsay information and repeat the tradition current in my home when I was young.

The forebears of the Stewart of Appin were Roman Catholics coherent of the Royal Stuart family. A Stuart of Appin crossed with King James' army and fought in the battle of the Boyne Water. On the accession of William of Orange, they refused allegiance, were laden by King William's men and driven from their homes. Their houses were burnt and their lands confiscated; henceforth they became maunders or free lancers. At the time the motto was changed to what it has been ever since "Quidder nil ju" which freely translated into the Saxon would mean "Whitter will you". In after time an amnesty was proclaimed. Some of the descendants of the Stewarts accepted the amnesty, took oath of allegiance and had grants of land given them in Ireland by the Crown. This is our branch.

The Irish Stewarts became Protestants fierce Orange men and fighters for the House of Brunswick. The laws were held for some generations until bad times improvidence, and too pronounced geniality brought their patrimony to the hammer, and again they became maunders and vagabonds.

In the early Irish days there were several brothers - Peter, Patrick, David, Samuel - all but one single; later there were Williams to commemorate the change in politics and religion, and later still a Nassau. One of the above named brothers was a Church of Ireland beneficed clergyman, the "Vicar of Swords". He was a wit high liver, an anti-popery man. There are doggerel verses of his extant (I once had a copy of them) beginning:

*"It happened on a certain time,
Two signors who had wasted all their prime,
Came to his holiness to confess"*

It was a satire on priestly indulgences, and cost him his life, for he was beaten and left for dead in a wayside tavern where he had imprudently aired his opinions, through the medium of these verses in the presence of mostly anti-protestant company.

After the second dispersion (from their fresh home) of the Stewarts of Appin, some new members of the family in his maunders, strayed to London and heard John Wesley. I think I think it was William Stewart your great great grandfather.

He was impressed, became a son spiritual of Wesley and brought up his children in the strictest sense of that sect. William the son in later years became an exponent of Wesleyanism, & a preacher - always however refusing to acknowledge the right of Wesley's followers to administer the sacraments or to secede from the church established - and going himself regularly to his parish church to receive Holy Communion from the hands of an authorized priest.

His sister married and came to America, but after a time her brother lost trace of her. I used to know her husband's name but have forgotten it. The son William married twice.

"afflicted with sciatica. My recollections of Jamaica are faint except one of two particulars, which when recalled are intensely vivid. No one has ever attempted to keep the young life fresh in my memory, or to make me "au courant" of their hopes, fears, wishes or loves. I have lived alone, & it's more than probable I shall die alone." 'Tis so, and pity 'tis 'tis so".

I am pleased if that I have written should give you the desired information, and trust that your life may be filled with the best of life - that is the love of family and friends.

Very faithfully yours,

May 8, 1894

E. Stewart